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NORMAL SCHOOL.

Semi-Annual Examination--Order of Exercises.

The usual semi-annual examination of the Normal School commenced on Saturday, July 26, with the Experimental School, and was continued Monday and Tuesday, with the classes in the Normal Department.

Thursday afternoon at half-past three, the spacious Lecture Room was crowded to overflowing by citizens and strangers, to witness the closing exercises of the present term. The interest taken in these exercises afforded ample proof that they sustained the high reputation of the school and its managers.

After the opening Anthem by the Choir, an impressive Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. PALMER, and the following Essays, Poems and Addresses were delivered:

The Progress of Society.

BY OSCAR A. ARCHER, OF LIVINGSTON.

The progress of society in any age depends mainly on the intelligence of the people.—During the reign of ignorance which characterized a long period previous to the dawn of the reformation, the true principles which tend to elevate the social condition of man, had well nigh been banished from the earth. Still the Creator, in the plenitude of his wisdom, saw fit, as in time of old, to raise up men who were to rescue their race from the depths of mental and moral degradation to which their folly had brought them. Luther and his worthy associates put in motion a train of influences, which was to dispel the heathenish ignorance and superstition of the age, and bring to light that civilization which was destined to spread like leaven through all the nations of the earth. Notwithstanding its progress has been seriously retarded at differ-

ent times by the counteracting efforts of those who still retained a relic of barbarism, yet like the arrow to its mark, it speeds on its course to the perfect fulfillment of its glorious mission. Its effulgent rays will ultimately pierce the dark clouds of Paganism which for long ages have enshrouded the Eastern World in impenetrable gloom, and burst forth in a flood of light, humanizing and christianizing the now wretched occupants of the fairest portions of the earth.

Powerful agents, such as were never before employed, are now at work to bring about this desirable result, which is to produce such a signal effect upon the advancement of society throughout all christendom. Beyond the blue waves of the Atlantic, the people of every clime are congregated in one grand assembly, meeting as brothers, to compare the products of their skill and industry. Here the jealous inhabitant of China joins hands with the open-hearted son of Erin. The royalty of Europe condescends to exchange salutations with the trading noblemen of Yankeedom. All meet on an equal footing. Who cannot foresee that an immense amount of good must result to society from this mutual contract of nations. The most enlightened will exercise an elevating and refining influence upon the others, thereby raising them to a degree of civilization hitherto unattained; and thus producing a sort of social equilibrium among them all. They will become better acquainted with each other; and that acquaintance will tend to build up among them a more enlightened policy in regard to settling national differences.

War is the greatest bane of society. Could our swords be beat into plowshares and our spears into pruning hooks, and the whole world "study the arts which make for peace," we might look forward with confidence to the speedy coming of the time foretold by inspiration, when hatred shall cease, and oppression no longer find a dwelling place with man.

The happiest feature of our age is the progress of the mass of the people in intelligence, self-respect, and the enjoyment of the comforts of life. Contrast the present with

former times. Not many years ago, this country was once the property of one man, subject to all the caprices of his will, and made subservient to the end of building up his family, or bringing new dominions under his yoke. Society was divided into two classes, the high born and the vulgar, separated from each other by a gulf as impassable as that between the saved and the lost. The people had no rights as individuals, but were mere instruments, wielded at pleasure by the lords.—While they buckled on the sword in defence of their homes, their masters, from the elevation of palace life, watched the issue of the contest, with an eye more to the safety of their possessions than to the security of their subjects. The people had no voice in making the laws by which they were governed, nor in choosing officers to execute those laws.—Now how different! The country is the heritage of the people, and the people are their own sole rulers. Every man is a sovereign in proportion as he is educated, and may aspire to the highest honors within the gifts of a free people. Who that compares the condition of this country a few years ago, with its present happy state, but must bless God for the change. But what has wrought this change? The spirit of universal freedom from religious or political restraint, which induced our ancestors to flee from the relentless hand of oppression, and seek a home beyond the sea, expanded in the free atmosphere of the New World, and the true principles of human progress became so deeply implanted in the breast of the people as never to be eradicated. It required but a renewal of wrongs on the part of the parent country to cause those latent principles to germinate and burst forth into a glorious tree of liberty, under whose wide-spreading branches the people should rally to defend their God-given rights. When they arose in their majesty, and published to the world a declaration of those rights, and a firm determination to maintain them at the risk of their lives and fortunes, the down-trodden millions of other lands looked on in silent admiration, and the great and good of those lands saw that a step had been taken in the progress of civilization, the effects of which would be felt in all coming time. Then it was that the distinction of high and low, that formidable barrier to the advancement of society, was overthrown, and all classes united in one common brotherhood to secure to themselves and their posterity the blessings of independence. We have abundant cause to feel grateful to the Supreme Ruler of the universe, that we are permitted to live in this age and country of progress; that we are permitted to enjoy the fruits of a

civilization, more perfect in its nature than that of any other nation. There is no egotism in this. England may boast of her literature, France of her refinement, but who, that possesses an American home, be it ever so humble, would change places with the church-oppressed people of the one, or the Revolutionists and Socialists of the other? Say you that love of country lies at the foundation of all such nations? then why do the countless masses of those great nations break off from all the endearments of home and native land and eagerly brave the dangers of the ocean to gain our shores? It is inscribed, as with a diamond's point, in the imperishable records of the past—it is mirrored forth in the unmistakable indications of the future, that who would be prosperous and happy must be free.

The grand characteristic of modern times is the emerging of the people of foreign countries from brutal degradation; the recognition of their rights, and the creation of a new power in the State, a power of the people.—Age after age have they toiled on in hopeless dependence and misery, until at length a star has arisen in the Western sky to guide them in the paths of advancement. The example of our beautiful system of self-government has aroused them to a sense of their dignity as men, and caused the rotten fabrics of tyranny to tremble to their very centres. To-day the king of France is surrounded by all the luxuries of his court, respected and obeyed by all his subjects, to-morrow his name is a by-word among the rabble, and he is compelled, penniless and friendless, to flee for life to a foreign shore. Other sovereigns have been obliged to grant rights and privileges to the masses, to avoid the same or a worse fate.

The rapid advance in the arts and sciences at the present day affords another gratifying evidence of the progress of civilization. The wild speculations of Alchemy, Astrology and Magic have long since disappeared before the light of true knowledge; and extravagant theories are now rapidly giving way to important practical truths. Education, the great elevator of society, is freely given to the people; and correct views of imparting instruction are beginning to be entertained.

The march of civilization is Westward.—America is soon destined to be the sun of the civilized world, the bright centre from which will radiate influences that shall impress the image of their source on the society of all nations. What then is our duty as members of society, in view of the "manifest destiny" of this great and growing republic? We boast of liberty and equality, of wealth and power; but we must not forget that of those,

to whom much is given, much will be required. Let us thank God for what is gained; but let us not think everything gained. How much remains to be done! What a vast amount of ignorance, intemperance, and vice may still be found in our community! What a vast amount of mind is palsied and lost! When we think in how many families, which might draw happiness from the never-failing fountains of intelligence and virtue, the higher powers and affections of human nature are buried as in tombs, what a darkness seems to gather over society! And how few of us understand that to raise the depressed to the dignity of men is the highest end of the social state! Would we elevate the standard of society in our country; would we make her an example of all that is good and praiseworthy, a copy that may be safely imitated by the world, we must not repose on our laurels.—Let what we have gained be an incentive to something higher. Knowledge, power, virtue, influence, may be ours if we will. Let us make ourselves worthy of our free institutions; let us devote all our energies to the great cause of human progress, and when the clouds of the valley shall have closed over us forever, when we “rest from our labors, our works will follow us,” and future generations shall “rise up and call us blessed.”

The Faithful Teacher.

BY MISS HARRIET E. BALL, OF EENSELAER.

Night gently waved her magic wand, and the soothing influence gradually stole over all created things. The dim uncertain twilight possessed an indefinable charm, and the mingling of the melodious voice of the gentle sovereign, with nature's countless tones, rendered more subdued and more beautiful the harmonious music that fell on the listener's ear. For a while even the most wayward of nature's wayward children, forgot the turbulence of their passions, and yielding themselves to the irresistible influence that surrounded them, offered on the shrine of nature's unrivaled loveliness their silent, heartfelt tribute.

Moonlight trembled on the gently rippling waters, and fluttered timidly amid the rustling foliage; and from their ethereal home, heaven's tireless watchers gazed with subdued gladness on earth's surpassing loveliness.—The murmuring waves and the softly sighing breeze, with mingling voices chanted low a vesper hymn, and from the perfumed ehalice of each sleeping flower, rose silently upon the still night air a delicate fragrance.

Beneath a spreading elm, whose drooping branches overhung the peaceful lake, and were mirrored in its crystal depths, rested a

fair girl whose pure heart had tasted the joys and sorrows of only nineteen fleeting summers. She was apparently absorbed in thought; for regardless of nature's varied beauties, she gazed on vacancy. Not the placid waters mirroring the star-lit vault above the dark frowning hill-tops towering against the sky, nor yet the lone church spire silently pointing towards heaven, had power to remove the sad, thoughtful expression that lingered about her faultless features. The moon-beams kissed her pale brow, and the mild zephyr sought by gentle dalliance with her sunny curls, to win a gladsome smile; but each was alike unheeded; for the cares and responsibilities that burdened her drooping spirit left no room for the contemplation of nature's loveliness.—Hers was the arduous task of the teacher.—Each day the humble walls of the district school-room echoed the sweet music of her voice as she faithfully performed her accustomed round of toilsome duties; but each night her sensitive spirit was weighed down under a sense of her own inability to perform the arduous duties of the profession she had chosen. She had been delicately nurtured, and had not yet learned that invaluable lesson which can only be acquired by combatting the trials of life; yet the sound theoretical education she had received, had not been misplaced; and her quick perception and ready power of adaptation soon taught her how to render it beneficial to those under her charge.

Her childhood had been passed amid all the luxury that wealth could procure; but misfortune came; and scorning dependence, she had left the home of her infancy with its sparkling fountains, its vine-wreathed bowers and shady walks, each a living monument to the memory of her parents, and she had sought in a strange land the sympathies of strangers; and while pouring into the minds of her pupils from the clear fountains of her own exhaustless intellect, the pure waters of knowledge, she had won their most profound respect and devoted affection. Here she found friends, from whose pure hearts rose the pearly dew of affection, but to fall with a refreshing influence upon her fainting spirit; and truly was their kindness appreciated.—But more deeply did she feel the silent sympathy of nature. From childhood she had loved at the hour when twilight veils the earth, to linger in some favorite haunt listening to Memory's tale of the past, or gazing into the mystic future; and now when life's sterner realities had overtaken her, this cherished amusement afforded entertainment for many a lone hour. Since the wild-wood had been her home, the aged elms had watched over her reveries; and hither had she wan-

dered in the pale moonlight to muse, as was her wont, on the irrecoverable past and the impenetrable future. For a while so entirely did she yield herself to her waking dreams, that the outward world was as nothing—she lived only in the realms of thought.

Reason finally broke the spell. As the wearied gaze of the dreamer rested casually on the single brilliant that glittered on her taper finger, a ray of hope illumined her desponding spirit and beamed from her mild expressive eye, as she traced its likeness to the pure heart of childhood. And chastely beautiful was the gem—a mere dew drop—trembling within the crystal walls of its tiny cell.

The maiden spoke and softly her words fell on the silent air. "This henceforth shall be my talisman. When sadness hovers o'er me I'll gaze upon its purity and be reminded that mine is the sacred task to guard a purer, holier thing—the immortal mind. Even as the crystal walls that surround this lucid dew-drop, preserve it from contamination, so will I seek to rear around the hearts of those under my charge a mortal influence that shall be impervious to the most penetrating evil; and as this golden circlet still farther protects the fitting emblem, so shall increasing knowledge most securely guard the youthful mind." She paused, and after casting one lingering glance upon the glorious beautiful scene before her, left the spot.

Morning brought its wearisome task; but cherished and encouraged, she joyfully devoted herself to its accomplishment; and as day after day successively passed, each darkened by its own sorrows and brightened by its own pleasures, she continued to discharge her duties, the same loved being, unchanged save that the shade of sadness that before had habitually clouded her brow, had given place to an expression of tranquil happiness.

Summer wore away and approaching winter saw her still an inmate of her new-found home, toiling with increasing assiduity in her responsible career. Seasons rolled into eternity and still she lingered in the secluded dell, cultivating with continually augmented zeal, the rare flowers that under her genial influence were gradually developed into mature beauty. And thus passed her life—unvaried in its passage, save by the joys and sorrows, the exulting hopes and dark disappointments attending her profession. Yet though her duties were monotonous, her lot was *not* a sad one. 'Tis true that when wearied and harassed, she sometimes sighed for the elegancies that had once surrounded her; but she seldom indulged in such useless regrets; for Reason taught her that they ministered not to her happiness or to the benefit of others. She

sought rather to dwell on the happier reflection that had not affliction fallen upon her, she had never won that strength of mind which had been her sustainer through the many trials which beset the pathway of life. Thus she toiled on, cheered and sustained amid all her trials by the confidence and affection of her patrons and pupils, till, wearied by continued assiduity, her frail constitution sank beneath the load that oppressed it, and she was obliged to seek the repose necessary to recruit her exhausted energies.

While the dark forests were tinged with the tints of the fading year, she left her kind friends, promising to return to them before nature should don her verdant robe. But death embraced her ere the return of spring, and sustained by the consoling remembrance of a well spent life, she cheerfully resigned herself to his power. Like the fading hue of autumn, her spirit lingeringly passed away; and like the sere decaying foliage, her fragile form returned to the dust from whence it came.

But her teachings still live in the hearts of those who were once her pupils; and when temptations assail them, "memory looketh backward" on their childhood days, and recalling the instructions of that faithful teacher, guides them into the pathway of truth, in which she had so faithfully walked.

Music.

Words by R. MELINDA PHILLIPS, of Albany.

ONWARD.

Onward from its crystal fountain
Speeds the little streamlet free;
Onward now the noble river,
Till it mingleth with the sea:
Onward, speak unnumbered voices,
From the wide creation round—
From the dim and distant ages,
With the chains of error bound.

From the mind of man immortal,
Soaring upward in its flight,
Bursting through each bond and barrier,
That detained it long in night;
Voices from the past and present
Tell what willing hands have done,
And of what, with strong endeavor,
In the future may be won.

In the future stretching forward,
No horizon we can see;
Boundless as the fields of Heaven,
Bright and glorious it may be.
Shall we in earth's vineyard slumber;
In our lives no tablet rear;
Be like bubbles on the ocean,
Rise to burst and disappear.

Onward in the paths of progress !
 Let us boldly take our stand ;
 Be for truth the ready champion,
 Striving with our heart and hand.
 Onward ! let it be our watchword :
 Ever higher seek to climb.
 Onward ! let our lives e'er echo
 From each passing step of time.

The Grandeur of Eloquence.

BY PHILIP SNYDER, OF DUTCHESS COUNTY.

There is grandeur in silent thought ! It is the unspoken creation of the mind. It may awaken no tangible image, it may have no counterpart in nature, yet its simple voiceless language oft-times vibrates upon the soul with magic power. Who has not felt it ? Who has not found in his meditative hours mute thoughts crowding upon the mind, soothing by their tenderness, charming by their beauty, and thrilling by their boldness and sublimity ? But potent as is its influence when confined to a single mind, it becomes doubly so when it assumes a living language, clothed in the beautiful and attractive garb of eloquence.

Ah, eloquence ! who does not love it ?—Whose soul so cold, so lost to all the finer feelings of his nature, as not to glow with enthusiasm at the displays of its magic power ? Who can listen to its pleadings, drink in its melody, revel amid its fantastic creations, gather its ideal gems, and not feel his soul expand with purer, higher, and holier impulses ! Who that has ever tasted its sweets, yielded to its inspiring influences, witnessed its magic power over the human mind, when wielded by a master-hand, would not taste it again ; and in doing so, acknowledge he had indeed enjoyed “a feast of reason and a flow of soul ?”

Eloquence is not of modern birth. Far away in that classic land whose shores are laved by the Levant's blue waters, where sculpture, and architecture, and poetry and painting flourished at so early an age, there we first hear of eloquence. There a Demosthenes first thundered his immortal philippics in the ear of a glory-loving nation ; there, as it ever should be, it was exerted in the glorious cause of human freedom ; there it flourished in all its native, pristine beauty and luxuriance. The wonderful talents of the famed Grecian orator must be apparent even to the humblest mind, when we reflect that his orations have stood the world's criticisms for over two thousand years, and are universally pronounced as yet unsurpassed by any similar efforts of ancient or modern times. But Demosthenes

fell, and with him perished the glory of Greece. The star of eloquence disappeared amid the shock of contending nations, until the rise of Cicero. Then it blazed brightly again for a while, but was soon lost amid the deeper gloom of that long night of error and superstition which followed the downfall of the Roman Empire. But when the light of the Reformation dawned upon the world, it once more rose in all its native grandeur and sublimity. That mighty revolution was accomplished mainly through its instrumentality. Before its influence errors were overturned, intellectual and moral darkness began to be dispelled, and the rack and torture of papal Rome were in vain exerted to check its wondrous power. Since then, its light has shone upon the world, shedding lustre over her fairest annals, and ever acting as a mighty engine in the promotion of religious and political reforms.

Eloquence has various modifications, yet clearness, energy and depth of reasoning, must ever be its invariable constituents. One man may be considered eloquent who only possesses these essential qualities ; but another may be more diffuse, may elucidate every point by illustration and analogy, and while he carries conviction by the strength of his argument and the extent of his research, at the same time may please by the beauty of his rhetoric. Another, while his style combines all the elements of true eloquence, surprises by his sudden changes from “grave to gay,” by his flashing wit, his daring flights of fancy, the splendor of his diction, and the sublimity of his conceptions. Each has its admirers.—The concise, unadorned, yet energetic style, is easiest comprehended, and constitutes with many the *beau ideal* of perfect oratory. Others admire a style abounding in illustration and ornament. Others still can see no beauty but in the brilliant coruscations of genius, the fantastic creations of fancy, the mighty, heaving thought, which flashes before the mind with more than meteoric splendor, carrying conviction by its moral force, and its amazing grandeur and sublimity. Each, as I said, has its admirers and its advantages, but were I to choose, give me that which pleases by its playfulness, charms by its vivacity, convicts by its clearness, startles by its boldness, disarms by its power, melts by its tenderness, and soothes by its softening and holy influences. Methinks the man who possesses such a power, wields an influence, which, like the Archimedean lever, will upheave the world. Certain it is, it has involved nations in war, rocked empires to their foundations, razed cities to the ground, and drenched earth's fairest vales with human gore.

It may be said with truth, that eloquence is one of the noblest attributes of man. Its highest development calls into exercise talents of the most varied and exalted character. A retentive memory, a ready command of language, an intimate acquaintance with human nature, under all its varied aspects, a brilliant imagination, rapidity of thought, sublimity of conception, and a most complete and perfect mastery of the passions and concentration of all the powers of the mind upon the subject, constitute a few of the many acquirements necessary to successful oratory. Under no circumstances does the human soul exhibit itself in grander or sublimer aspects, and with such mighty power. Tell me not of man's inventive genius—how he constructs labor-saving machines and rears palaces of marble; tell me not of his daring—how his fleets plough the billowy ocean and ride unharmed before the gale; tell me not of his enterprise—how he fells the mighty forest and plants cities where so lately all was a howling wilderness; tell me not of his prowess—how he hurls kings from their thrones and rears his sceptre over the sepulchre of nations; before the grandeur of true eloquence it is all but as so much of empty mockery. Go back in imagination to the days of Grecian glory. Behold a vast assemblage of the most polite, and learned, and sagacious people the world ever saw—the intellectual giants of that intellectual nation. Behold the orator, the mighty Demosthenes! How his eye flashes with patriotic fire! Listen to the music of that once stammering, but now melodious voice. What is his theme? A nation's wrongs. Listen as he paints the baseness of his country's oppressor, her numerous grievances, the insults heaped upon her, her deserved infamy and degradation if she quietly submits. Now his voice thunders with indignation, and now it sinks to gentlest whispers; but ah! how intensely expressive! Now he pleads the interposition of the Gods, and now he invokes their denunciations upon Macedonia's king.—Look upon him! Each feature of his divinely moulded countenance seems a living, breathing, speaking thought. Beneath the flimsy garb of humanity you can see mirrored forth the inward workings of his giant soul. Look now upon his auditory. Ten thousand eyes are beaming on him, spell-bound by the magic of his eloquence. No sound save the orator's voice breaks the death-like stillness that reigns supreme, yet amid that vast ocean of humanity, every countenance exhibits the impress of that master mind. Now it glows with patriotic pride; now it kindles with enthusiasm; now it burns with indignation, and anon the trickling tear starts from eyes "un-

used to weep." He ceases, and what is it we now hear? Is it the modern cheer, the loud huzza, expressive merely of admiration for his eloquence? No! the orator is forgotten in the vastness of his subject, and with one long united shout that seems almost to rend the heavens, they cry, "LET US FIGHT AGAINST PHILIP; LET US CONQUER OR DIE!"

But eloquence is not found alone in the assemblages of the people. We shall find it every where around us if our hearts are rightly tuned to appreciate its melody. There is eloquence in a smile. It speaks the language of happiness; it tells of a warm and joyous heart; it whispers soft tales of love or friendship. There is eloquence in the flowers. They speak of heavenly love; how that when the Creator cursed the earth for man's disobedience, he left the flowers to bloom as the last relict of Paradise, and the emblem of man's primeval innocence. There is eloquence in the groves. Birds of gay and brilliant plumage skip from branch to branch, warbling their melodious lays of love, and speaking a language which ever finds an echo in the joyous heart of innocence and childhood. There is eloquence in music. Who has not felt it? Whose soul has never thrilled with sweet and gentle emotions, as the voice of song stole softly o'er his slumbering senses, lulling them to repose by its soothing and heavenly melody? There is eloquence in the starry heavens. These effulgent gems that glitter so brightly on the mantle of night, tell us of God's omnipotence; how that when chaos reigned supreme, his voice sounded amid the fearful gloom of nature's night, and at his bidding darkness fled, earth sprang into life, revolving worlds commenced their ceaseless rounds, suns lit the firmament, and the "morning stars sang together for joy." Ay, and there is eloquence in Heaven! There amid the radiant glories of that blissful realm, how inspiring the themes, and how boundless the field for its exercise! Bright-winged seraphs will unveil the page of heavenly history; will unfold new views of the Creator's benevolence and power; will lead our finite minds to comprehend, in a measure, the infinity of God's boundless universe. Ransomed spirits, returning from a flight to some distant planet, will tell, in all the grandeur of perfect oratory, of the pleasing scenes witnessed and the blissful hours enjoyed in a world which has never broken its allegiance to its Creator.—Then should we not cherish this ennobling gift? Should we not bend, at least, a portion of our energies to its cultivation, not merely for the sake of earthly glory, but that we may better glorify our Maker both in this life and that which to come? Should we not live for

higher, nobler purposes than those which too often form the objects of human ambition : live for our neighbor ; live for our country ; live for Heaven !

The Halls of Memory.

BY R. MELINDA PHILLIPS, OF ALBANY.

When the twilight shades are gathering
Darkly o'er the eastern plain,
And the glorious clouds of sunset
Seem a gorgeous giant train,
Fancy loves to paint in colors
Bright as those the sunlight weaves,
Fairy visions of the future,
Where the light no shadow leaves.

But, when from the clouds and hill-tops
Fades each lingering trace of day,
And the stars come forth in silence
From their dim mysterious way,
'Tis then sweet to roam with memory
Through her lofty, silent halls,
And behold the picture beauteous
Of the past upon her walls.

As in some ancestral castle,
Look the feudal barons bold,
Sadly on their last descendants,
From their pictures dim and old ;
While around their armor hanging,
Dented shield and broken spear,
Telling of the strife of battle,
Of the hearts that knew no fear.

So within the halls of memory,
In the starlight pale and cold,
Look upon us the departed,
Lovely as in days of old ;
While around them brightly shining,
Hangs the armor of their life,
Which was e'er a sure protection
In its perils, in its strife.

In their looks of love we see it.
In their shining robes of light,
Ever clad in truth's strong armor,
They were conquerors in the fight ;
For us they were silent teachers,
Teaching from their blameless lives,
That our noblest path is duty,
And the hero him who strives.

Life is one continuous warfare,
While we draw its fleeting breath,
Ceasing not till we are sleeping,
Hushed within the arms of death.
Friends that left our pathway lonely,
As we laid them down in tears,
Come to us in silence nightly,
As we gaze on former years.

For memory's hand has garnered there
The friends of youth,
When life was but a vision fair
Of hope and truth.
They sit again around the hearth
Of childhood's home ;
Their shadowy forms seem still of earth,
And hither come.

Again we listen to each voice
We loved to hear ;
Again 'mid childhood's scenes rejoice
With friends so dear.
Another picture and we see
Them scattered wide,
On, on, o'er distant lands they flee,
And billowy tide.

And there are forms whose silvery hair
Is shining now ;
The seal of time, and lines of care,
Are on the brow ;
But oh ! the look of love that beams
Our hearts to bless,
From those dark eyes whose light were gleams
Of happiness

Their voices cheered our early youth
In childhood's day ;
They pointed to the realms of truth,
And led the way.
They passed from earthly scenes away,
As sinks the sun,
When wearied with the march of day ;
Their journey done.

And death hath for their souls no gloom,
They rose above
The darkness that surrounds the tomb,
In light of love.
And young and fairy forms I see,
They crowd the hall ;
Their barks scarce launched upon time's sea,
Were swallowed all.

Their paths of life were bright and fair,
With garlands strewn,
And hopes were budding every where,
Like flowers in June.
But oh ! they nursed a cankering worm,
Those flowrets fair,
And ere arose a darkening storm
Their stems were bare.

Consumption's hand, 'mid roseate bowers,
Their brows had pressed ;
They drooped, and like the fading flower,
Sank to their rest ;
Their steps no more 'mid earthly scenes
May ever fall ;
But shrined, they live amid life's stream
In memory's hall.

And children there, with golden hair,
And bright and laughing eyes,
Are chasing, 'mid the blossoms fair,
The golden butterflies;
But soon a change, for Azrael's wing
A shadow o'er them throws—
They fall, choked are the hidden springs
From which life's current flows.

But memory's halls have many forms,
That now upon life's wave
Are breasting manfully the storms
That meet the true and brave.
Some seek for wealth where golden sands
Shine 'neath the crystal wave,
And some in far and sunnier lands,
Life's wasting font would save.

The woof of life, though dark it seems,
Has many a golden thread,
That's plucked from 'mid the varied scenes
Through which the wanderers tread;
And though our paths are distant far,
And changed the lot of all,
We'll meet them oft, as heretofore,
In memory's silent hall.

Not alone has memory treasured
Friends and scenes of other years;
Life itself were void of pleasure,
Had it not its hopes and fears;
But she has with faithful pencil
All our hidden thoughts portrayed,
Some in bright and golden colors,
Some in tints of darker shade.

There we see the secret fountain,
Whence the sparkling current flows,
Where the bitter waters mingle,
As it deeper, broader grows.
Lights and shadows must be blended,
Else the picture's incomplete;
Day is e'er with darkness ended,
Bitter mingleth with the sweet.

Ever with a mournful pleasure,
Gaze we thus on former scenes,
That from deepening mists and shadows,
Come like half forgotten dreams.
These departed, wasted moments,
Seem like "phantoms grim and tall,"
Flitting in the gloom of starlight,
On each vacant spot of wall.

There, too, gleams young life's ideal,
Robed in golden hues of thought
That from out the shining present,
Were by hope and fancy wrought.
Earth was then a beauteous vision,
Glittering with dewey light,
Dropping from the golden pinions
Of the morning in her flight.

But a change came o'er the spirit,
Marred the beauty of the scene;
For now no where 'mid the real
Could be found that cherished dream.
It was all too bright to carry
Forth into the coming years,
And amid the scenes of memory
'Twas enshrined with many tears.

May our hearts ne'er know a sorrow,
As we look through memory's halls,
Ne'er there aught of anguish borrow
From the past upon its walls;
But one bright harmonious picture
Be presented to our view,
Where the lights and shadows blended,
Mark the beautiful and true.

Address.

BY GOV. BRIGGS, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Gov. BRIGGS said: You will hardly consider it a compliment for me to say, that the State of New-York is a great State. She has great lakes, great rivers, great forests. No credit to her for them. God made them.—But she has canals and railroads—great works of internal improvement. Under Providence, she may be proud of them. Her canals will be an object of pride and of honor to her, until the granite stone which bears the name of its great Patron shall crumble into dust. She has colleges, too, and institutions of all kinds, to elevate—to ameliorate the condition of man. But in my estimation this Normal School is the brightest jewel that adorns her character. [Applause.] She has come at last to the starting point. She has made her canals and railroads for man. She is now looking after her children who are to be men. She has said, by these munificent provisions for education, that hereafter she will be more careful of the character of her teachers—recognizing in this, the too long neglected truth, that next to man's spiritual interests are his intellectual interests—that next to his religion is his education.—And, indeed, in attention to one or the other, we cannot be too early—we cannot begin too soon—we cannot be too careful in providing the best possible means for moral and intellectual instruction. The time is coming when we shall look back with amazement on the ignorance and want of cultivation which always heretofore characterized teachers of common schools. I do not speak of New-York alone; but in all our states it has not heretofore been regarded as an occupation worthy of devoting one's life to as a distinct profession, for which one was to be qualified—but rather as a temporary, casual employment for young men and

women. When they had nothing else in particular to do, Oh, then they would go and keep school. Let me illustrate—and pardon me for taking up time in relating the anecdote. I had it from a citizen of Western New-York, well known to you. He said that when he was a student at law in Utica, in the office of a fine old gentleman, who was one of the school committee of the place, a lady called on him to be examined as a teacher.—She was a woman a little past her prime—[laughter]—the rose tint had a little faded from her cheek, and she had become suddenly taken with a wish to become useful as a teacher, and came to get the proper certificate. The gentleman alluded to, laid down his book and commenced the examination, and my informant said it was a wonderful one. [Laughter.] His surprise was that she found the way to the office. She didn't know anything. Well—the Esquire was considerably embarrassed—being a gallant man and an accomplished gentleman. Finding how profoundly ignorant the poor girl was, he didn't know what to say exactly. She relieved him by saying, I suppose you will give me a certificate of qualification? And he did. He wrote as follows: “I have been applied to, to examine—— as a teacher, and I hereby certify, that in my opinion, she is pretty well qualified to take charge of a small school of very small scholars.” [Laughter.] The girl said she was very much obliged to him; it was the very thing she wanted. [Renewed laughter.] Now, how ludicrous that is. Only look at it for a moment. “Pretty well qualified to take charge of a small school of very small children!” Every one of those little scholars in that school had an immortal spirit—little flexible minds, ready to receive any impression made on them. The slightest touch would leave its impress—to last, who knows how long? Yet this gallant gentleman and accomplished lawyer had not the courage to tell this innocent girl that she was not qualified to teach at all. He would not have trusted her to cook a meal of victuals for him! But he would clothe her with authority to take charge of children, and to make impressions on their little minds to last forever! Such a teacher would not pass now, any where. I remember when I was a student at law, the schoolmaster, large as life, came into the office one evening, and wanted to make out his bills; his term was out. I never knew a great deal about figures. I don't now. But a ready reckoner was at hand; and he took it up and carried out the amount opposite each name, for tuition and fuel, beyond the public money, A. B. \$1.25, C. D. \$1.37½, and so on, and handed it to the

schoolmaster. Now, said he, foot it up. The schoolmaster looked it over, apparently in profound thought, when I said, “What's the matter; can't you foot it?” Said he, “If 'twas'n't for those half cents, I should know what to do with it. [Laughter.] If that was only in fractions, I could do it in a moment.” [Renewed laughter.] That was a schoolmaster thirty-five years ago in the old Bay State. Now, my friend on my left lived, when a boy, up in Vermont. In his district they had a schoolmaster, now holding office in this State, and one of the very best of men. My friend and his eldest sister studied grammar. Before many weeks, a disturbance arose in the neighborhood. This grammar had got into the school, and the talk was what was to be done with it. This boy and girl took up too much time. They didn't want any grammar there. It diverted their attention from other studies. [Laughter.] Well, as it often happens in school districts, no matter what the topic, the disturbance increased. A school meeting was called in the height of this indignation against grammar teaching. All agreed that it was a nuisance. It wouldn't do to tolerate it. The question was put and it was voted *nem. con.* that the schoolmaster should be dismissed. [Laughter.] That was done. A man got up, who said he didn't like to leave the matter where it was, lest they should hire another who knew grammar.—Now, I move, said he, that no man shall be employed in this district who knows grammar. Carried; and the grammar was expelled from the district. [Renewed laughter.]

Now, I confess, these are extreme cases—all of them. But they may go to show how extremely lax and careless were the people within the last century touching this great subject of qualified teachers. A prouder day has dawned. A more auspicious state of things has come to pass; and we see now, here in your State, in my own State, and in other States, institutions like this Normal School designed exclusively to qualify teachers for the great and important employment of educating children. And it is a great thing—an important experiment. Each one of the young men and women I see before me, qualifying themselves for this important and arduous duty, are to enter upon a vocation which will leave an impression on the generation in which they live that will carry its influence through all future time. And if revelation is true, our education here will carry its influence into the distant future of another world. How then can the importance of qualifying teachers for instruction be overlooked? How can the State be better employed than in devising the best means of accomplishing this

great object? How can its funds be better expended than in defraying any and every expense necessary to accomplish so great an object? We have teachers' institutes that are regarded as most important auxiliaries to these schools. And I understand it is so in this State—though I am informed your Legislature has not directly made pecuniary provision to defray the expense of these institutes. With us it is otherwise. Reasonable sums are put at the disposal of the Board of Education for the expenses of teachers' meetings, and it is found to be operating most beneficially on the general cause of popular education. I now propose to spend the short time that is allotted to me in addressing you in familiar conversation on this subject of popular education—for I have no set speech prepared to make you.

Nothing can exceed in importance this subject of education. The Pilgrims brought with them right ideas on this subject. The meeting house and the school house were the two first and great ideas that existed in their minds and controlled their conduct. First, they erected a humble and convenient house in which to assemble and worship their Creator. Next they built a school house. Their good sense, reason and religion taught them that these two go together. They knew that the mind of man was naturally inclined to superstition; and that Religion which would regulate and control the heart, would not enlighten the mind; but that it wanted educating—that the intellect and the heart were to be attended to. They knew that intellect, however highly cultivated, might leave the heart all wrong. Therefore the meeting house and the school house were provided to aid each other—to overlook each other—to check each other, if you please. In the beautiful language of one of our New England Poets, we could say of them:

"Nor heeds the puny skeptic's hand
Whilst near the school, the church spire stands;
Nor fears the gloomy bigot's rule,
Whilst near the church spire stands the school."

This is the sentiment, thus beautifully expressed by the Quaker Poet of Massachusetts. And it was literally true. They did not leave education to the voluntary action of the community. Twelve years after the first inhabitant set himself down at Boston—twenty-two years after the Pilgrims touched the Rock of Plymouth—the Legislature of Massachusetts, then, as now, known under the name of the General Court, passed a law which provided that every child in the Province should be educated. And they made it the duty of the

selectmen of every town to see to it, that no family should be guilty of the "barbarian practice" of omitting to educate their children. You see, they were in earnest about it; and they did what would now, I suppose, rather startle our democracy of the present time. They made it imperative that every child should be educated. Now in our enlightenment and independence, the father says, no Legislature has a right to pass a law that my child shall be educated. I'll do as I please about it. More of this hereafter.—Five years afterwards they found their high design was not to be accomplished in that way. They then made another law. They enjoined it on every town having a given number of inhabitants to support a school of a certain character so many months. In a town forming 150 families, they must support a school so many months, in which all branches should be taught—or at least so many as to fit a young man for the University. There you have it—a principle which, as a law, has been in force in Massachusetts for more than two hundred years. And in few words this is it—that every child should be educated in this State, and educated by the money of the State. That is the principle proclaimed by these early adventurers, with all this earnestness, at a time when there was an unbroken wilderness from the little circle around Boston and Plymouth, to the dark waves of the Pacific.—Three thousand miles of ocean rolled between them and civilization and home. Before them a dark, untrodden wilderness, except by the moccasined foot of the savage native—and they numbering a population of less than twenty thousand. Thus circumstanced, thus surrounded, they for the first time since the history of human society, enacted into law, that every child in the State should be educated by the property of the State.

That principle is now advancing over this Union. You have proclaimed it here; and though I understand you have had some difficulty and embarrassment in the details, and in the mode of carrying it out, I have no more idea that that principle of the law you have passed for the universal education and free education of the children of New-York, will be repealed, than I have that the waters of Lake Erie, after they have dropped down the cataract of Niagara, will turn and go back again. [Applause.] You can't do it.

Well, why should it not be so? That is the question. Why should not the property of the State educate the children of the State? I mean by an equal and just tax on property. I suppose this building was erected by tax or by the State. Why? Because the Legisla-

ture deemed it for the public good—because the public good required it. And that is the only just principle of taxation. The only just ground on which you can take any man's money for a public purpose, is that the public good requires it. That is the principle which justifies the taking of the property of the public, to educate the children of the public—that it is for the highest good of the whole public that every child in the State should be educated. In an economical point of view this is true. Idleness and ignorance go together.—People are industrious and frugal in the proportion that they are intelligent. Vice and ignorance go together. Crime and ignorance are companions. They move together in darkness; and if you would arrest crime in your State, you must diffuse education among the children of the State, before they grow up to be men and women. I see it stated in the report of your State Prison Inspectors, that of the 2,800 convicts in the prisons there were less than 500 that had an ordinary school education. What a fact that is! It sustains the position I now take, that to prevent crime you must educate. If you would have children grow up to be virtuous men and women, they must grow up intelligent. If you would have them intelligent, you must educate them. If they are to be educated, you must provide the means. All experience shows that if left to the voluntary action of parents, even if they are able, it will not be done. Then it is for the Legislature to provide the means for the education of every child, and as this is for the highest public good of the State, whatever the expense, it should be paid for by the property of the State. Nobody has a right to complain of this. You will find in cities as well as in the country, men of property and men without, who complain of this. "Why," says the man of property, "am I to be taxed to support the children of my neighbors? I have educated my children, and they have gone about their business. I have performed my duty." No, you have not. The best good of the community requires that children should be educated, in every generation; and whilst you have property, it is just that your property should be taxed for these expenses. Another man says he's got no children, and am I to be taxed to support other people's children? Got no children! Why don't you have children? [Laughter.] I've got no wife. Why not have a wife? [Renewed laughter.] I hold that it is the duty of every good citizen to have a wife and children—and thus the poor apology for not being taxed is taken away. Now if there is any solitary old bachelor who hears me, who has got money and no wife, and thinks it a hardship to be

taxed to support other people's children, tell your grievances to some kind-hearted lady, [laughter] and my word for it, if worthy, you will get relief. If you do not, you ought to be taxed to the utmost extent of the law. [Roars of laughter.] Taxed to support other people's children! So it is. But there are children who have parents who would not educate them, if you did not force them to do it. Then there are persons who have no property and many children. These children should be educated. Let me tell you that it is a mistake to suppose that the duty of parents is ended when they have educated their own children. You and I are just as much interested in the education of other people's children as of our own. A man's children are only such until they have attained their majority. They are then turned into the common society, and mingle with the mass of citizens in that society. Thus it is your interest and mine to know whether they are turned out ignorant and vicious, to corrupt others by their example and poisonous influence, and join with them in depredations upon the property of others—or whether they go forth educated and enlightened, full of human sympathy, and ready to perform all their duties as citizens. That is a question in which all are interested; and the interest of the parent is lost in that of the community, and it is the duty of every man to pay something to defray the necessary expenses. My assertion is that there is no possible object belonging to community or government, that has higher claims on the property of the community than the universal education of its children.

We are an industrious community—a working community. These shops and these factories, and these broad acres, I hope in Heaven, will always be carried on and worked by the hands of freemen. Liberty is our life.—Now, if you would make labor honorable and respectable, you must make it intelligent.—Everywhere labor is respected and honored just in proportion to the intelligence of those who labor. See Franklin pouring the hot tallow into the moulds in his father's shop, or setting type in the city of Philadelphia, and how these employments were ennobled and honored compared with the same duties performed by an ignorant slave. So it is with all labor. And let me tell you, if you would command respect for labor, that labor must be intelligent. And if labor is to be profitable to the laborer, it must be intelligent. Have you not seen from the results in the Lowell mills, that the girls there earn money in proportion to their intelligence from one to four dollars per week? Who don't know that this is so every where? Who would not pay more

for an intelligent laborer than for an ignorant stolid dolt? If you employ only a living animated machine, you pay only the price of a machine that will do so much work. But if you employ a man whom you can direct, and who can understand your wishes, and in whom you can confide to have your work done as you desire in your absence, you are willing to pay him accordingly; and he can demand what such labor is worth, because he knows what it is worth. The other takes what you give him, and he is a dear laborer at that.

Every child should be educated; and it is the duty of the State to make provision for it, by a tax on the property of the State. Another reason. It is the right of every child born in this world, I don't care where—under what sun or climate—it is his right to be educated. He can't educate himself. He is ignorant and helpless. Paternal care might do it; but it cannot be done in all cases, and would not be done in others; and it is the right of these little human beings, thrown into the midst of society, to be educated. It is the imperious duty of the State, through the law-making power, to provide for that education. Does any body doubt this right? I remember hearing the great Kentucky orator in the Senate of the United States, open a speech with this sentence: "Mr. President, it is the boon of every human being to be free." It was as true as it was broadly and emphatically uttered. If it is the boon of every human being to be free, it is his boon to be educated. The Constitution of the United States declares that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights—that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. What does an ignorant, uneducated, uninstructed man know about liberty? If it is liberty that is one of his rights, it is the duty of those having charge of his infancy and childhood, to prepare him to enter upon those rights and enjoy them. If the pursuit of happiness is a right he cannot alienate, and which it is the duty of all to respect, then it is the duty of the Legislature to throw every facility they can in his way to aid him in the pursuit of happiness. For these reasons, I say, that it is a just provision of the law that the property of the State should be taxed for the education of the children of the State.

Now as to the effect of this education carried out by the beautiful system of Free Schools, such as that in New England—this graduated system—the dividing off of children into different classes, under different teachers—raising them from the primary to the high school, and receiving all classes of the

community—thus placing them on the same seats, under the same teachers, within the same influences—driving away from this common level all artificial distinctions of wealth and caste, and placing each little immortal being under the same influences and under the same advantages, till he acquires a degree of education necessary to discharge the duties of life. Now when you reach that point—I don't go further—when you reach that point, you are up to the point of the Pilgrims.—Then if the youth desire to prepare himself for college, let him or his parents pay for it. Just so with your roads—at least with us.—The towns make town roads and the county the public roads. If any citizen wishes to travel on these roads, he travels free. But there are individuals who make railroads. If a man wants to travel faster than he can on the free roads, let him step into the cars and pay his fare, and he can go at the rate of 30 miles an hour. Here the money goes into the pockets of those interested in the enterprise. Apply this to education. Make schools free. Educate all the scholars up to a certain point. If they want to go beyond that, let them pay their own way.

Did you ever contemplate one of these schools—kept in a beautiful edifice of tasteful architecture, properly located, with inviting grounds about it—forming altogether such a place as children love to resort to—none of your old fashioned, rickety, shed-like houses—with plank slab sides, leaky, cold in some parts and in others freezing, worse than a prison for a child, and where they who have the means to send their children to better schools never send them? I refer to modern school houses with their convenient seats, occupied by bright-eyed boys and fair-haired girls—happiness beaming in their intelligent faces, and that gentleness which is the result of culture, marking every action. There sits the son of the laboring man, whose daily toil begins and ends with the rising and the setting sun. He goes to the beautiful place prepared by the public money for his education. He forgets that he is poor. He goes into it with as much independence as the richest boy in the village. He feels no rankling envy or malice towards the child of his rich neighbor; and the son of the rich neighbor sees and hears nothing to excite in him the pride of wealth. They pursue their studies together, grow up together, and learn to love each other whilst striving for a mastery in learning. And when they go from school to the college or to the highest schools, and there strive for merit, it as often occurs that the son of the laborer bears off the prize as the son of the million-

aire. It has often occurred in Boston at the Grammar and Latin schools, that the son of a cartman won the prize from the son of the merchant who employed him, and no feeling was excited by the circumstance. Now, a system like this must be just. If you talk about democracy, carry it out in this way—I go for democracy, not that of party, but that democracy which elevates man. And depend upon it, that is the system, nothing else will do it. Every kind of useful instruction should be introduced into these schools. My notion is that one school book should be the Constitution of the United States and of the States. That should be the school book above the primaries. But if not there, young men who leave these schools should study these instruments. In all our States, you find a great want of knowledge of the fundamental law among all citizens, young and old. This is wrong. The Constitution of the State is the charter of the citizens' liberty written down. It contains the great fundamental law on which government rests. It tells you and me what makes us legal voters. It informs us who is eligible to high State offices, how they are elected, how long they hold their office, and what duties they are to discharge. How can we hold these men we place in office to the rightful discharge of their duties, if we don't know what these duties are only as we have them from the press; and through party channels we have not the highest security on earth that we shall have the best instruction. Hence the duty of every young man in New York and Massachusetts, and every State, to study the Constitution of the State—not merely to read it hastily, but to study and understand; so with the Constitution of the United States.

Ours is a two-fold government. To those who understand it, it is a simple subject. The State Government has full authority within its limits. The United States Government throws its broad shield over all the States.—Its powers are limited by the Constitution, its officers named and provided for: the mode of their election provided for. We should understand this also, so as to know our duty, and what the rights and duties are of those placed in authority over us. We should also read the history of our State. It is a shame for any young man to grow up and not understand the history of his State from its origin—for we are a young nation—the States are all young, and their history can be carried back with distinctness and clearness to its origin. We should know the man that originated them. We should study the history of all the States and of the country, and do it carefully and

systematically. This will make us wise. It gives us the characters of individuals. It holds up the patriotic and the good for our imitation and admiration; and holds up ambition and selfishness for our dread, detestation and abhorrence.

Allow me to recommend to you—I speak to the young men and women I see before me, the reading of another book—I mean the Bible—the Sacred Scriptures. It is the book of all books, and no man ever studied it without great advantage, who studied it honestly, and carefully, and with a view to profit by its instruction. We labor under a great mistake about the Bible, in relation to education.—What an idea, that the Bible should only be read at stated times, and in a very grave and staid manner, and to draw from it religious instruction. This is a mistake. The Bible, as a reading book, is the most interesting book in the world. Literary men give it this credit. It is the most perfect literary production on earth. It is the most ancient history. It is the only book that tells us of the creation of the world—and in a few chapters it gives the history of the world. It is the only book which makes us acquainted with the attributes of the Being who made the world and all things in it. It contains some of the finest specimens of poetry of any book in the world. Its descriptions of the Almighty, of his attributes, of his dealings with mankind, and his interpositions in behalf of his chosen people, eminently partake of that character. In the words of another:

Let all the Heathen writers join

To form one perfect book;

Great God! when once compared with thine,

How mean their writings look!

There are specimens of eloquence in the Bible which leave the eloquence of man out of it, far in the back ground. Turn to the Acts of the Apostles, and read the address of Paul on Mars Hill, when he was suddenly placed in the forum among the philosophers, scholars and wise men of Greece. For boldness, manliness, directness, expansion and greatness of thought, there is nothing like it. Read his defence before King Agrippa, which nothing of the orators of earth in profane history, can compare with. Do you wish interesting narratives or biography, read the thrilling stories of Ruth and Naomi—of Joseph and his brethren. Do you desire to read of instances of bold and manly courage? I will call your attention to one of that character, and its equal you will find no where else in the history of man—you may read it hundreds of times, and yet feel its interest: read the history of Nathan a minister of religion, a humble and honest

man. David then sat on his throne—the greatest monarch in the world—proud, powerful, and a king. He had done an awful and a wicked deed. This minister of religion appeared before him. He knew he was in the king's power. He appeared before him, and on a stated case drew from the monarch his opinion of what was justly due to the individual guilty of the wrong which the case presented. The monarch, either seared by sin and hardened by transgression, or under the impulse of a noble sense of justice, innocently declared that the man who had done that thing should die. This minister of religion, wrapping his robe about him, and turning upon the king, said, "Thou art the man." The monarch quailed. The truth triumphed.—The king confessed his error, and yielded to the power of truth and religion. I have said that if you want interesting biography go to the Bible. Open the New Testament. If you want to read of a character worthy of all imitation—of a perfect man, read the history of the man of sorrows. If you like tragedy go and lift the curtain and look on the scenes of Gethsemane. Go to the hall of the infamous Pilate—to Mount Cavalry—to Joseph's new-made tomb—and there you will find a tragedy more striking than any other that the history of the earth records. But I commend to you the perusal of the Bible more especially as it affords the only one perfect rule of moral conduct and religious instruction. Religion I have nothing to say about. It affords the only one perfect rule of moral conduct. There it is laid down with such precision that no man can mistake it—so broad that it covers every possible case, and so minute as that each particular case can be instructed by it. I know it is said by some that the morality of our Saviour in the New Testament, must yield to progress, and that man has grown to be wiser than his Saviour—that he was a very good man, but that we can improve on that code. Look at it. Some inquisitive lawyer went to our Saviour and asked him which was the first and greatest commandment? The answer was, love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, soul and mind. And the second is like it—thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. There you have the declaration of the Saviour of the world, of the intention of the Almighty in giving us the law and the prophets. And is it not worthy the wisdom of its source. Can it be improved? Supreme love to God is the perfection of piety—to love our neighbor as ourselves, is the perfection of humanity. I should like to hear some wiseacre of this day give a better rule than that for our intercourse with our fellow

man. Our Saviour explained—as ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. That is moral law, which I commend to your every-day study and consideration.—Let me tell you another thing—it comes from the voice of a stranger, but one who feels an interest in your prosperity and success. If you study that book, and are governed by its holy morality, your success in life, whatever your pursuits may be, is just as certain as your life. You will be esteemed and regarded by your fellow men—you will be employed and trusted by your fellow men just in proportion as your character for morality entitles you to their confidence. We are told that on a certain occasion the great Chatham wanted to be Minister in Chief; and in an interview with the King, said: "Sire, give me your confidence and I will deserve it." The reply was, "Deserve my confidence and you shall have it." So long as you show by your acts that you deserve the confidence of your fellow beings, you will have it. I know there are those who say it does no good to be honest—honest men don't fare any better than others. 'Tisn't true. Suppose a man cheats me out of \$10,000. Am I not better off than he, tainted as he is with fraud and dishonesty, and with his \$10,000? The saying is common that honesty is the best policy. It should not be qualified. Let me tell you, if this moral law of our Saviour could be carried out, you would see such a revolution in the affairs of this world, as was never before seen in the history of man. What a strange revolution we should see in politics, and politicians!—How quick the monarchs of Europe, that now claim by divine right to sway the sceptre, would melt in kindness to their subjects?—And if they did not give up their sceptres, would sway them in truth and peace, and justice become their controlling principle! Poland—murdered Poland—would resume her position in Europe, and her down trodden people would return to her with joy and gladness. Ireland, oppressed for centuries, would in the language of one of her sons, "rise from her native bed and take her place among the stars." All political bickerings—all party names would be heard no more—and that stiff wall, known as "Mason and Dixon's line," would disappear. There would be no more grumbling about the "Wilmot Proviso." To-morrow's sun would see every enslaved African stretching forth his hands in gratitude to his master for his deliverance. These would be the glorious fruits of that divine law of loving our neighbor as ourselves. And, my friends, men and women, young and old, that law is binding on you and me—now, everywhere and always will be. Guilty we

shall be if we fall short of its requirements, in our intercourse with our fellow men. Acting under the influence of that law, ladies and gentlemen, you will diffuse a charm about you and impress an influence on those under your charge, that will be most beneficial to the community and honorable to you. Remember that just in proportion as you obey that law, will you be useful and respected in the world.

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

EDITORS: { S. S. RANDALL, of Albany.
Wm. F. PHELPS, " "
JOSEPH MCKEEN, of New-York.

ALBANY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1851.

To Correspondents.

Several very interesting and valuable communications are necessarily deferred until our next number.

To the Readers of the District School Journal of Education:

The subscriber proposes to give a copy of the volume of the Hon. IRA MAYHEW, A. M., late Superintendent of Public Instruction for the State of Michigan, on "POPULAR EDUCATION," to every person who will obtain SIX SUBSCRIBERS for the "Journal of Education" and remit three dollars for a year's subscription. This volume recently published by Harper & Brothers, ought to be in every Teacher's and in every Family Library; and it will be useful to the receivers of such a donation, and gratifying to me, if I have, under this obligation, to give a couple of hundred copies of that excellent work during the coming year.

JOSEPH MCKEEN,

Supt. Common Schools, New-York.

NEW-YORK, Aug. 25, 1851.

State Normal School.

We devote a large portion of this number to the Essays, Poems and Addresses which were delivered at the close of the 14th term of this Institution, and at the biennial meeting of the Association of Graduates. These productions will speak for themselves. The exercises for both days were interspersed with appropriate music, several pieces of which were composed for the occasion by Prof. BOWEN, and one by Mr. O. A. ARCHER, a graduate of the present term.

About 150 of the former graduates were present at the meeting of the Association of Graduates, on Wednesday, July 30th. From the proceedings of that meeting, we learn that the success of this Association, clearly demonstrates the wisdom of its organization. On Wednesday evening there was a social gathering

of all the Normals who were in the city, (about 400,) in the large Lecture Room of the Institution—a reunion long to be remembered by all who participated in it.

We regret to learn that the resignation of two of the Professors (Messrs. CLARK and EATON,) takes effect with the close of the present term. Prof. CLARK's place has been filled by the appointment of Prof. JOHNSON, from Yale College, a young man who has so distinguished himself in the department of the Natural Sciences, and especially in the application of Chemistry to Agriculture, 'as to receive the unqualified recommendation of the first chemists of the age, and the appointment as Professor of that department in the Normal School.

The departure of Prof. EATON will not be felt by the Normal School alone; the city of Albany will lose a zealous and efficient laborer in every good cause. During his residence in this city, he has as a man, a scholar, and a Christian, become endeared to a large and worthy circle of friends, who can only consent to release him from his engagements here on the ground that he is called upon by interest and duty to make the change. He takes the place made vacant by the resignation of Prof. GRAY, of the Brooklyn Female Seminary, a place for which he is eminently qualified. His successor at the Normal School has not yet been appointed.

The retiring Professors each received from the pupils an elegantly bound volume of Harper's Illustrated Bible, as a token of the high regard in which they are held. Among the many other manifestations of respect made to the different members of the faculty, we noticed with pleasure, the presentation of an elegant Silver Cup to Prof. PERKINS, the esteemed and efficient Principal of the Institution. It is gratifying to know that the pupils, as well as the public, appreciate the talent and tact that has been exercised in the management of the affairs of this school by the Principal and his co-laborers; and that its present permanency and popularity have been established on the grounds of its merits. The next term commences Sept. 15.

The Address of Gov. BRIGGS, before the Normal School, is an interesting and eloquent production—an exact transcript of the mind of its noble-hearted author.

Fall and Winter School Terms—School Laws, &c.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE, DEP. COMMON SCHOOLS, }
ALBANY, September 1, 1851. }

To the Trustees and Inhabitants of Districts:

The period will soon arrive for holding the Annual School Meeting in most of the districts, at which time all necessary arrangements should be made for the support of the school during the ensuing year. It will be borne in mind that a school must be taught in the several districts, by a duly qualified teacher, for Six

Months during the Year 1852, in order to secure an apportionment of public money for the succeeding year; but it is only necessary at the annual meeting to make provision for the support of the school, for the Winter and Summer terms, up to the next annual meeting; and so on, from year to year. For instance, suppose the district restricts itself to six months school—four months can be taught during the Winter, commencing either in October, November, or December: and two months in the Summer; and the balance of time necessary to make out six months in 1852, will, of course, be provided for at the next annual meeting in the Fall of that year.

The amount of public money to be apportioned next Spring, will be sufficient, in the average of districts throughout the State, to support a school for about six months, independently of the rate-bill.—Some districts will receive considerably more, and others will fall short of this amount. The whole amount of teachers' money can be appropriated to the Winter term of four or six months, leaving the Summer term to be supported, either wholly or in part, as the case may be, by rate-bill, under the provisions of the new law; or the public money can be divided, either by a vote of the district, or by the trustees, in the absence of such a vote, into not exceeding two portions—one for the Winter, and the other for the Summer term; and any balance due the teacher at the expiration of either, may be collected by rate-bill, as aforesaid. This will probably be found as a general rule, the most advisable and equitable course; and in that event *two-thirds* of the public money should be appropriated to the winter, and the remaining third to the Summer term.

The public money to be received next Spring may legally be applied to the payment of the wages of any duly qualified teacher, whose term may have commenced subsequently to the holding of the annual meeting of the district for the present year. the school year, for this purpose, being considered to commence from that period.

No teacher should be permitted to commence his term of instruction, until he has obtained the requisite certificate of qualification: as no portion of the public money can be paid for his wages while he remains unqualified; and no district will be entitled to its share of such money, where the school has been taught for more than one month by such unqualified teacher. Any person holding a State or County Certificate, or Diploma from the State Normal School, or a certificate dated within a year, from the Town Superintendent of the town in which the school house stands, is to be deemed legally qualified: as is a person holding the office of Town Superintendent of the town in which he is employed as a teacher.

To Town Superintendents.

Copies of the Revised School Law, with full instructions and expositions from this Department, will

be forwarded during the present month, through the several County Clerks, to Town Superintendents and to the Trustees of each School District, to be deposited with the District Clerk, or Librarian, for the use of the inhabitants and officers of the districts.

The several Town Superintendents are hereby directed and required to obtain the said books from the County Clerks, and to deliver one copy thereof to the Clerk of each district, the school-house of which is situated within their town, retaining one for their own use, which is to be delivered to their successors in office, at the expiration of their official terms.

Whenever practicable it is recommended that the volume, when not required for use by the Trustees or officers of the district, be deposited in the Library of the district, for convenient reference by any inhabitant. The Trustees should however, be allowed, either by the District Clerk or Librarian, to take it for the purpose of consultation or examination, whenever required by them, returning it as soon as may be practicable.

CHRISTOPHER MORGAN,

Sup't. Common Schools.

From the Syracuse Journal, Aug. 23.

Death of Reuben R. Stetson.

We regret to announce the death, in this city, yesterday afternoon, of Mr. R. R. STETSON, Principal of Public School No. 5, aged 30 years. Mr. S. has resided with us about seven years, during the whole of which time he has been the Principal of No. 5, and has drawn around him a circle of friends, who most sincerely mourn his early death. His funeral takes place from No. 82 E. Genesee street, at 5 o'clock this morning. His body is to be removed to Bangor, Franklin county.

There has another devoted spirit gone to join the "noble army" of martyr Teachers! In the very prime of life—in the fulness and maturity of his cultivated faculties—and at the spring-tide of a promising career of usefulness and honor—the gifted STETSON has gone down to the tomb, mourned and lamented by all who knew his sterling worth and the true nobility of his character. Most deeply and sincerely do we sympathize with his bereaved widow—the indefatigable associate of all his labors—the sharer of all his toils—and the devoted and affectionate partner of his bosom. Her loss is indeed irreparable. The friends of education throughout the State will long deplore the premature departure of one of their most efficient and faithful auxiliaries.

"Green be the grass above thee,
Friend of our better days!
None knew thee but to love thee:
None named thee but to praise."